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J. H. LARRIMER,
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Wholesale and Retail, at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store," No. 118 (old No. 56) North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.
Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled 18 ct. cases \$28.00
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Silver Tea Spoons, per set, - - - - - 5.00
Gold Pens, with Penholder and Silver Holder, 1.00
Gold Finger Rings 37 1/2 cents to \$80; Watch Glasses, plain 12 1/2 cents, patent 15 1/2, Locket 25;—other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
On hand some Gold and Silver Levers and Lapis, still lower than the above prices.
October 7, 1853—ly.

LARRIMER & TEST. Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties.
July 30—y

BUCKSKIN
NO. 50 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. HEALY & CO., Manufacturers of Buckskin, Skins, Gloves and Mitts, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gauntlets, Sparring, Sword and Cricket Gloves, Buckskin Shirts and Drawers, Riding and Shooting Leggings, Walking Gaiters, of Cloth and Leather, Buckskin and India Rubber Suspenders, Waist Belts, Gun Belts and Purse, Sleigh Robes, and Buffalo Skins of every description.
N. B. Buckskins of all colors and qualities, Enamelled Cowhides, Importers of Chamis, Sponges, &c.
The attention of the merchant of Clearfield county is respectfully called to the above advertisement. P. Healy & Co. manufacture the above goods themselves, and will receive in exchange DEER SKINS, and allow the highest cash price for the same.
Sept. 2, 1857—ly.

FANCY FURS FOR LADIES.
JOHN FAREIRA & CO.
818 (New No.) Market St., PHILADELPHIA.

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in Ladies' Garments and Children's FANCY FURS.

Wholesale and Retail.
J. F. & Co. would call the attention of Dealers and the Public generally to their extensive Stock of Fancy Furs for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children; their assortment embraces every variety and kind of Fancy Fur, that will be worn during the season, such as
Full Capes, Half Capes, Quarter Capes, Talmas, Victorines, Bouds, Muffs & Muffettes, from the finest Russian Skins, to the lowest price Domestic Furs.

For Gentlemen the largest assortment of FUR COLLARS, GLOVES, GAITERS, &c. being the direct Importers of all our Furs and Manufacturers of them under our supervision, we feel satisfied we can offer better inducements to dealers and the public generally than any other house, having an immense assortment to select from and at the manufacturers' prices.—We only ask a call.
Sept. 16, 1857. 4m.

JOHN H. ALLEN & CO.
Nos. 2 & 4 Chestnut St., (south side below water.)
THE OLDEST WOOD-WARE BUSINESS IN THE CITY.

MANUFACTURERS and wholesale dealers in Patent Machine-made BROOMS, Patent Grooved Cedar-ware, warranted not to shrink, Wood & Willow-ware, Cords, Brushes, &c., &c., of descriptions. Please call and examine our stock.
Feb. 25, 1857—ly.

CIRCULARS printed in the neatest and best manner at the "Clearfield Republican" Job office.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, ROBERT J. WALLACE
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

HAVE this day associated themselves as partners in the practice of the law in Clearfield and adjoining counties. The business will, as heretofore, be carried on in the name of William A. Wallace. Business entrusted to them, will receive prompt and careful attention.
March 4, 1857. ly.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Tyrone, Pa.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform his old friends in Clearfield Co., and the public generally, that he has taken the above House, where he would be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom.
WM. H. HENDERSON
June 19, 1857—4d

CUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or trading for a certain note given by the undersigned to John M. Leonard, calling for \$10, and dated the 14th of Dec. 1, 1857, payable May 1st, 1858, as I have not received value for the same and will not pay it unless compelled by law.
M. J. DEOWN.
Jan. 12, 1858.

For the Republican.

TO M. F. I.

"I'm sittin' on the style, Mary."

I'm sitting in the sleigh, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
And 'neath the buffaloes ample folds,
Enjoyed a pleasant ride.

The sun was shining fair and bright,
No cloud o'erspread the sky,
Bright smiles were on thy lips, Mary,
And joy beam'd from thine eye.

The place is sadly changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The snow hath melted from our sight,
The roads are mud again.

And I miss the sweet song from thy lips,
Thy smiles so clear and bright,
Your raven locks of deepest hue,
Thine eyes of liquid light.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
Tho' of friends I've not a few,
There is none among them, Mary,
I'd miss as I miss you.

For you above them all, Mary,
Are dearest of the dear,
Thine little left to care for now,
Since Mary is not here.

I'll bid you now a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I'll never forget you darling,
Where'er I'm roaming to.

Tho' some perchance, that I may meet
May be bright, as bright as air,
Yet I'll not forget thee, Mary,
Were thy fifty times as fair.

And when, in my happiest hours,
My heart with rapture swells,
My thoughts will travel back again,
To the place where Mary dwells.

And I'll think I see that little sleigh,
Where we sat side by side,
And thy bright black eye, and the clear
blue sky.

As when first we took a ride. "O,"
Clearfield, March 16, 1858.

LAUGHABLE.

In the Borough of H—, in the State of Missouri, some years since, Pool was prosecuting attorney, and Jake Wentz court crier. The former was a fellow of "infinite jest," the latter a thick-set, moon-faced Dutchman, who held his head a-oneside, but had a voice that rang through the court house, to be heard of the best hearted men alive, but modest to a fault, was one day in the midst of a large audience in the court room, listlessly looking on. Now Pool and Watson belonging to the same volunteer corps—"The Guards"—and were fast friends. A liberty may be taken with one's friend; so, in a pause of the buzz, while the Judge was arranging some instructions to the Jury, Pool, in a quiet tone, said to Wentz, (perched, as usual, in his box.)

"Crier, call Alexander Watson."

"Jake raised himself, his eyes turned toward the ceiling, his chin drawn down to his left shoulder, and sang out:

"Alexander Watson! Alexander Watson!! Alexander Watson!!!"

Black dismay was in the countenance of the party thus unexpectedly summoned; his portly form soon made way through the crowd; and blushing scarlet, he leaned toward the attorney to know his wishes.

Pool's serious face was inclined forward.

"Alick," said he, in a whisper, "I want you to tell the truth."

"Well yes—you know I will."

"Then tell me, Alick, have you now any tobacco about you?"

"Why yes, I have," began the surprised citizen.

"Then give me a chew," said the attorney, at the same time giving Wentz the sign to dismiss a witness.

"Alexander Watson, you are discharged the court!" roared the crier. And, long after, much of the fun in the borough arose out of Alick Watson's surprise, and Pool's novel mode of raising tobacco while engaged in a case.

A GOOD APOLOGY.

They had a ball down at the Waverly the other night, which brought out some remarkable expressions. Among other transpirations, the following instance of a cool apology took place. Bill P., is known all over, and Bill was in that ball in all his glory. All his necessities were on hand, good music, pretty girls, and good whiskey. The evening passed off rapidly, as it always does, and Bill had, at about 10 o'clock become very happy. Stepping up to a young lady, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her. She replied she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, "are you engaged for the next set?"

She said she was.

"Can I dance with you the next, then?"

"I am engaged for that, also."

"Can I dance with you to-night?"

"No sir," with some hesitancy.

"Go to—h—!" said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments, Bill is accosted by the brother of the young lady, and charged with having insulted his sister. Bill denies, but professes himself willing to apologize, if he has done wrong and accordingly steps up to the lady, when the following conversation ensued:

"Miss L., I understand I have insulted you."

"I have sir."

"What did I say, Miss L.?"

"You told me to go to h—!"

"Well," said Bill, "I have come to tell you that you were right."

Teacher—"William, can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?"

Pupil—"Don't know, sir, 'cept it be that 'east makes everything rise."

Colonel Crickley's Horse.

I have never been able to ascertain the cause of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois for five years; and from their first acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families.

One evening Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home, with his "pocket full of rocks" from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion:

"What a beautiful shot, Col. Crickley's old roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot!" suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No no 't wouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Well, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too high. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so that there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered out some words in confusion.

"That's you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said: I'll give you a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and it's a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at the old horse.

"How much is the horse worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty dollars."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it. So here's your 'X'!"

The Colonel took and pocketed the money, muttering, "hanged if I thought I'd take me up."

With a high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight at old Roan—Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hands before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred.

Drake stared at his rifle with a face as black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey?—Fust time you ever sarved mesuch a trick, I swan."

And Drake loaded the piece with great indignation and wrath.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Drake. "I can shoot—"

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here," he growled, "I'm bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away," said the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake!" cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!"

"Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake.

"The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and I can do it again. Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now, thirty dollars, I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making a ten into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, even buckskin patch, and loaded the rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation he drew clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent of ire, lay with broken stock in the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons, discovering his ill-humor, and the mortified condition of his rifle stock (loaded with a new world's record), which they saw, knew would make him dance with rage.

"Clear out!" growled the old man. "I don't want to hear any more; get away or I'll knock one of you down."

"But, father, it's such a trick played off on the Colonel!"

"Oh the Colonel!" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Glad if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I this afternoon went out for deer—"

"Hang the deer, come to the trick!"

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged a vay at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the hunter. "Jed did you shoot the Colonel's old horse?"

"I didn't do any thing else."

"And then," interrupted Jed, confident the joke part must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the tree, just as if he was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! Ho! ho! wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell on his breast. He felt of his empty pocket-book, and looked at his rifle. Then, in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys:

"It's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot."

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter. Sam laughed himself almost to death.

ment in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child is sublime. Falsehoods and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured a supposed clear acquittal. But before her testimony, falsehood scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that a mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity, (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates,) with which she spoke was like a revelation from God himself."

THE TWO BRECKINRIGES.—The Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, uncle of the Vice President, has always been intensely American in his politics, and of course entirely at variance with those of his Democratic nephew, whom he has labored assiduously at times to convert to his own creed and convictions. This difference of opinion did not, however, prevent the Doctor from voting for John as a candidate for the Vice Presidency. During the late campaign, on one occasion, the venerable Doctor opened his batteries upon John's politics, with more than ordinary power and eloquence, but well knowing his nephew's firmness and power in debate, he shrewdly anticipated every position, argument and objection, that he thought he would be likely to raise, reasoning, pleading, amplifying and enfolding, until he had continued the siege for a full hour or more.

During all this time, the younger Breckinridge listened most attentively and with great interest, but said not a word in reply—not so much because he considered it useless to fight the oft fought battle over again, as that it was impossible to get a word in edgeways, so earnestly vehement was the Doctor in his efforts. This did not escape notice. Then arose the elder Breckinridge, with his eyebrows contracted and a slight flush on his cheek—"John," said he, "you are the most unreasonable man I ever saw; I'll not argue with you any longer!"—N. F. Journal of Commerce.

BONES FOR FRUIT TREES.
A good deal is said of the value of bones, and yet not one cultivator in ten thinks enough of them to save them.—When the refuse bones can be had in the villages for merely a nominal, he does not think of purchasing them. There is no better material for the border of fruit trees, grapevines, and small fruit bearing shrubs; every fruit grower, that has done planting, should keep a stock of old bones on hand so that every new border may be well furnished with plant food. For immediate effect the bones should be dissolved in sulphuric acid or ground into fine dust. But for the larger fruits and vines, bones crushed with a hammer will answer quite as well, and two or three bushels may be put in each border for an apple or pear tree. The crushing of bones may be done under cover and makes good work for rainy days. If the trees are already planted, the crushed bones may be dug in among the roots. If worked into the soil of cultivated land, or even spread upon pastures, they will give a sure though slow return. The eagerness with which plants take up this kind of food may be easily discovered by digging up bones under trees and grape vines, when it will be seen that the roots have covered the bones with net fibres, and even penetrated their substance. Save all the bones, and buy them if you would have fine fruits, and take their premiums.

A young man, clad in homespun, was standing in Court street a few days since, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half dozen genteelly dressed city-fellers, with,

"Just come down?"

"Yaas, guess I have; great place this, ain't it, yeon?"

"Tis so, bub; how's your marm?" asked the city buck, bent on some sport with "greeny."

"Wal, she's purty well, she sent me down on business."

"She did, eh? What kind of business are you on?"

"Why, she wanted me to come down to Boston, and look around and find half a dozen of the biggest fools in Boston, and bring 'em up the country to educate 'em; and I rather guess I got my eye on 'em now," said the stranger taking in the whole crowd at a glance.

The next moment he had the edgiest one all to himself, when he quietly finished his doughnut.

Some poetaster wrote the following for the Hartford Review, but it almost killed him:

Long is the morn
That brings no eve;
Tall is the corn
That no cob leaves;
Blue is the sky
That never looks yellier;
Hard is the apple
That never grows meller.

But longer and bluer and harder and tall, is my lady love, my adorable Poll.

A fellow stole a saw, and on his trial told the Judge that he only took it in a joke.

"How far did you carry it?" asked the Judge.

"About two miles," answered the prisoner.

"Ah, that's carrying the joke too far," remarked the Judge, and the prisoner got three month unrequited labor.

A young lady who lately gave an order to her milliner for a bonnet said:—

"You are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

How a Church was Cured of Fremontism.
The Hartford Times relates the following:

A congregational Church in a neighboring State got so enlisted in the Presidential contest, for Fremont and Jessie, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying and exhorting upon political issues, and the deacons and laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally, a worthy old farmer, one of the best and staunchest members of the church, and a firm and undeviating democrat, was called upon to offer prayer.

"O Lord, (said he,) uphold the Democratic party which has received thy protecting support ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle. Continue to bless that party which has, under thy protection and providence brought great blessings upon this republic. If it be thy pleasure, and I believe it will be, O carry that party thro' this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless James Buchanan the tried and honored statesman, and guide him safely to the presidential chair. Bless John C. Breckinridge, the young and zealous democrat, and open to him the path of duty as well as that which leads straight to the vice presidency. Give them victory. O, bless the opponents of democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious schemes, if it be thy will to do so, and I verily believe it is. Be on the side of the democracy. O Lord, as thou hast been for the last fifty-six years, and on the 4th of March next, we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvania's favorite son, and the people of this country will settle down in their peaceful pursuits, instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother. And O, I beseech thee, especially free Christian churches from the political strife and bitterness which are rending them assunder, destroying their usefulness, and turning them unhappily into mere political associations. Let us hear something of thy word and mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been plied to fullness with political fanaticism, and our minister has become a stump orator against the good party which thy wisdom has upheld so long and has so repeatedly guided to victory, and sustained in the establishment of sound measures. O turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over into the hands of the federal or abolition party, and let them take care of him, and provide us with a true minister of the gospel. At any rate the present state of things cannot last. If politics are to rule, I shall claim one half of the time in behalf of the Democratic party, so that there may be fair discussion within these walls. Amen."

This was a stunner. It was the first prayer ever publicly offered in that church for the success of the Democratic party and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against that party. When the old man had finished there was silence for half an hour, and the meeting then adjourned.—And thus ended the political preaching in that church. From that time forward the minister attended to his gospel duties, and left all political questions to be settled by the people outside of the church. Again the society prospered, and there was a better feeling among its members—more Christian charity—more brotherly love. The old man's prayer was answered in more respects than one.

Everybody knows what a "smile" means, as understood by old toppers. "It bore this meaning in the following conversation which took place between a hired man of a prominent temperance man in Maine, and a neighbor:

Neighbor—Well, John, how's your master this morning?

John—(with a wink)—much as usual—quite a flow of spirits.

N.—Why, you don't mean to say that he "smiles" occasionally?

J.—Well, I don't know as you could call 'em smiles—from the size of 'em, I should say they were regular built horse laughs.

COMMON PATHS.—It sometimes seems to us a poor thing to walk in these common paths wherein all are walking. Yet these common paths are in which blessings travel; they are the ways in which God is met. Welcoming and fulfilling the lowest duties which meet us there we shall often be surprised to find that we have unawares been welcoming and entertaining angels.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Queen Victoria, who has devoted much attention to photography, has lately sent the Empress Eugenie, as a New-Year's present, an album full of photographs taken by herself. It contains portraits of the royal children, and of Prince Albert, together with views of Windsor Castle, Balmoral, Osborne House, &c.

A lady wishing the service of a dyer was referred to an excellent workman.—The lady asked:

"Are you the dying man?"

"No, ma'am; I'm a living man, but I'll die for you."

An exchange paper says that the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman—the next, man—and thirdly, the Berkshire pig.

A thief, who lately broke open a grocery store, excused himself on the plea that he "merely went there to take tea."

We must not deem either learning or virtue in false colors in order to make them attractive to the eye.